

To not eating Pot Noodle

neville

To not eating Pot Noodle by neville

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Alternate Universe - College/University, M/M, Richie is a partying neighbour, Stan is just trying to study

Language: English

Characters: Richie Tozier, Stanley Urís

Relationships: Richie Tozier/Stamley Urís

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-10-29

Updated: 2017-10-29

Packaged: 2020-01-29 15:41:59

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,587

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Stan moves in to a new apartment, only to end up living underneath the one and only Richie Tozier.

To not eating Pot Noodle

He's gonna lose it. He's gonna lose it if that music doesn't *fucking stop*, because he's got half a dozen books to read for classes next week and there's no way he can get through another page with this goddamn racket just above him thumping on the floorboards.

Stan slams his book on the floor and yanks tied his laces, each pull fuelled by his anger and rubbing burn into the sides of his fingers; it's not worth his coat, and so he troops up the stairs in a Teleman T-shirt and extra soft jeans, a pink cardigan pulled over him to keep him warm.

The music only increases in volume and headache induction as he hurries up the stairs, his fingers tight around the banister. He thinks he might burst before he's even reached the apartment above at this rate; he knew college wasn't good for him. His stress levels are through the ceiling to the apartment above.

Gathering himself together and trying to scrape his wandering hair from his forehead, he rings the doorbell; it's one of those stupid ones that goes on for far too long, playing some annoying little melody.

Nothing moves for a moment, and just as Stan lifts his hand to press the little button again, the door swings open.

The boy standing in the corridor is the same age as Stan, with blue aviator glasses and wild curly black hair that seems to move with him and also live a life of its own; it reminds Stan of a featurette he once saw about the film *Brave* and the lengths the animators went to to animate Merida's hair, but seeing it in person is such a surprise that it stops Stan for a moment - that, and the fact that this obvious antagonist in his life is so diabolical that he's even wearing a Hawaiian shirt like there's something *cool* about it.

"Turn down your damn music," Stan says sharply. "I have to study for my classes, and also, it'd be nice to sleep this century."

The boy eyes him for a moment, then straightens and grins, wrapping an arm around Stan. "Man, you need a drink. C'mon in, lemme fix

you something.”

Stan wants to object, but the music is so loud he doubts he'd be heard anymore - and, if he's honest with himself, this boy is cute and he's tired of studying. He indeed *could* use a drink, and so when one of those stupidly stereotypical red plastic cups is handed to him, he takes a drink of faith - it tastes a lot like elbow and he grimaces, but it also tastes so alcoholic that he swears he can almost feel the buzz already.

The boy laughs and raises his eyebrows at Stan's scrunched-up expression. “You want some lemonade for that?”

“*Please*,” Stan groans, ignoring the clear amusement as the boy mixes down whatever the hell it is that Stan has just so confidently chugged a little too much of. He takes another sip once it's been mixed together with the wrong end of a tablespoon, and this time it's much more tolerable, and he even lets himself sigh softly.

“Rough time, huh?” the boy asks, guiding Stan through to a quiet sitting room; the rest of the house is throbbing with people flinging themselves around to the overwhelming beat, but this room is empty and even legibly quiet when the boy kicks the door shut behind him. “You the guy from downstairs? The sucker who cried cause you broke your favourite vase?”

Stan presses his lips together, but takes it. “Thank you for the glowing summary of my person - but yeah, that's me. I'm Stan.”

The boy nods and goes in for what Stan assumes is a handshake but is actually a fistbump; the moment is so awkward that Stan downs the rest of his cup in one, waiting for the fuzz to take over his head. “I'm Richie,” the boy says to fill the glowering void of awkwardness, and Stan is thankful for it. “Your friendly neighbourhood neighbour.”

“Not with music this loud,” Stan says, deadpan, and Richie laughs so hard it almost startles him; wary of himself, Stan puts his cup down on a stack of vinyl records that have taken over one of the room's few tables.

“You're fucking ace, Stan. Stan the Man.” Richie grins, spinning the

cup precariously in his hand. "I'll turn it off. Later. I mean, you're here now, right?"

Stan rolls his eyes. "Yeah, but if it weren't for you I might be sleeping right now."

"Why don't you just go to sleep, then? I got blankets," Richie says, maybe too earnestly; Stan shorts, and shakes his thrumming head. He's never going to be able to sleep with this many people around and the music at this ear-splitting volume, so he might as well try and make something of this experience.

He shakes his arms off, lazily, the way he used to be made to do in choir to "improve the blood circulation"; this time, it's instinct, or perhaps a moment he takes to gear himself up.

"No," he says. "We're going to dance."

This is not Stan's bed: for one, it's not a bed at all - he can feel his shoulder jammed up against the back of the sofa; second, instead of his thick and gloriously comfy duvet, he's covered in a series of thin blankets that aren't tucked in properly and definitely don't cover him completely.

He forces his tired eyelids open, and stares out into the sight of his party-loving neighbour sprawled out with abandon on the floor, snoring loudly, glasses askew. The light through the window is bright and reflects off him, giving him an ethereal glow Stan's not sure he deserves.

With a groan, Stan sits up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes as he slings his cardigan over his shoulders; Richie looks too crashed out to wake, and it's still early, so Stan leaves him be, tiptoeing across the floorboards and pressing the front door lightly shut.

The book is still on the floor in his apartment; tiredly, he picks it up, finding the page he left off at.

He next sees Richie when he ventures out later in the day for lunch - Stan's out of Pot Noodles and microwave meals, and he's saved

enough money to buy himself a coffee, so he trundles excitedly across the road to their local Starbucks (which he assumes will soon become a godsend and a place where they don't need to ask his name for the takeaway cup), shuffling into the lunchtime queue and trying to decide if he's going to have an ordinary coffee or some variety of seasonal drink (what is a 'cool lime refresha', anyway?), only to bump right in the back of Richie, who spins around and grins sickeningly at him.

"Oh my god, it's you!" he exclaims. "Where the fuck did you go?"

It takes Stan a moment to regain his composure, startled by Richie's sudden reappearance (in Starbucks, of all places!). "Home," he says. "To study. Which is what I was meant to be doing last night."

"Study shmudy," Richie scoffs, waving a hand. "You should come over again, c'mon! We could binge watch something and eat Cheetos. Have you ever seen *Brooklyn 99*? Oh, I got *Baby Driver* on DVD the other day, we could watch that!"

Stan attempts not to spontaneously combust on the spot; it works well, because he doesn't burst into flame when he opens his mouth and says coolly: "look, I had a fun time last night and it was okay but I really have to study now. I want to do well. I'm just here to get some lunch right now."

Richie tilts his head like a let-down puppy dog. "Classes don't even start til next week, nerd! Can't you spare the time for *one* movie?"

No, Stan cannot; he did not pay exorbitant amounts of money for class materials to not have them all read in time for classes starting. How he expresses this to Richie, he's less sure, and with a sigh, he runs a hand through his hair. "I really don't have time. Look, I'm sorry." He feels bad, he *does*: Richie's life can't be peachy if his idea of fun is blackout drunk parties and watching movies with unassuming neighbours, but he's determined. He got this far from home; he wants to see it through.

Richie chews his bottom lip, clearly scheming, and just as Stan is about to make his way to order, Richie grabs his arm. "If you come over and watch a movie with me, I'll buy pizza. But not Hawaiian."

Stan makes a face. “What do you think I am, a monster?” The idea of real hot food makes his stomach growl audibly, and with a sigh he makes sure to deliberately prolong, he nods. “Okay. Pizza and *Baby Driver*, but after that, please let me study in peace and don’t have any parties.”

“Deal,” Richie says immediately, jutting out his pinkie.

Between them, they order two twelve inch margheritas, dough balls, garlic bread, and two chocolate chip cookie dough puddings. Stan lays them neatly out on the table in the living room while Richie builds them seats of duvets, blankets, and pillows with fierce determination.

“Why do you want me to come and watch TV with you so badly?” Stan asks, setting their glasses of water (health is important) by the plate for the garlic bread.

“Cause I’m lonely,” Richie shrugs. “Only college that’d take me was up here, but I’m away from all my proper friends, y’know? It’s hard to get good bants with random assholes who just want to get drunk. And you’re pretty cute, too.”

Stan blushes. “I’m sorry, did you just ask me up here on a date I didn’t know was a date?”

“Fuck, he’s sentient! He *knows*!” Richie makes some sort of jazz hands of horror, to which Stan merely raises his unimpressed eyebrows. “Okay, fine, sure, I did. Go leave me for your shitty textbooks or whatever.”

“I’m not going to *leave*,” Stan says pointedly, “but maybe next time you ought to tell me it’s a date.”

“Wait a minute!” Richie gasps. “Are you already planning our future together? Man, and you thought I was bad! What are you, a gay oracle?”

Stan buries his face in his hands; this is going to be a long movie. “Please shut up, Richie.”

Richie does not shut up, not even during the movie, assigning himself an instant place on Stan's *never-take-to-the-cinema* list; but his initially irritating chatter descends into the occasional boisterous joke and witty remark, and Stan finds himself becoming rather fond of Richie's running commentary and sing-along tactics.

His fondness mildly decreases when Richie steals a piece of his garlic bread.

"Hey!" Stan objects. "You have your own."

"Why would I eat my own when stolen food tastes so much better?" Richie snorts, tearing off a strip with relish; Stan rolls his eyes, sighing softly as he turns back to his pizza. "B'sides, it's too much for you to eat all at once if you live on, like, Pot Noodle. I have good food. *Oven* food. You know, that kind of high-calorie bullshit that you put in the oven that keeps you *alive*."

"I eat plenty of oven meals," Stan objects. "It's just... easier to eat Pot Noodle for lunch, alright? Don't insult Pot Noodle."

"Alright, Mr fucking Noodle. Didn't know the two of you were that close."

"I will go back to my fucking textbooks, Richie, and take my cookie dough with me."

Richie gasps. "Heresy! We haven't even made it to the scene with *Hocus Pocus*. You can't leave yet!" He grabs Stan's arm, not tight enough to hurt but enough to be very noticeable, and Stan turns, surprised; most people give Stan so much leeway that coming into contact with him would be unimaginable, and his stomach swirls in a way he's not entirely sure he understands. "Come on. You gotta take a break, right? And why not take a break with me, the hot, handsome, and very personable Richie Tozier?"

"Because you're an asshole," Stan mutters, and Richie laughs, elbowing him before turning back to the screen.

Stan's not sure that this is necessarily his kind of film (he's a slow-paced independent film or Wes Anderson boy himself), but he hasn't

actually *seen* a film in ages: he's been too busy moving in and packing and unpacking and trying to sort out his furniture and the paperwork and his college stuff, and so just the act of relaxing on the sofa with a slice of deep pan pizza is somehow almost cathartic. He doesn't have to think, or read, or even really focus too hard - and it's just like the party, where he let the world slide by him and did nothing but dance, not caring just how bad he looked in front of his stupid new neighbour.

Maybe Richie Tozier deserves a tiny bit of credit, he supposes. Annoying, yes; helpful, somehow also yes.

Much to Richie's irritation, Stan falls asleep for the very last act, waking up just in time to save his cookie dough and for Richie to switch to an episode of the so-fabled *Brooklyn 99*. Shamelessly, Richie dives his spoon in and proceeds to eat Stan's ice cream anyway, but Stan doesn't mind so much; he feels well-rested this time, better than he did this morning, better than he would've with a Starbucks coffee and a too-hard toastie.

"So, are you gonna go back and study after this?" Richie asks, screwing up his face as the ice cream hits his brain slightly too fast. "Ow. Fuck."

Stan holds in a laugh. "Yeah."

"What kind of degree's worth this much studying, huh?" Richie jabs Stan's arm. "Let me guess. You're doing a bachelor's degree in Fucking Boring Studies." Stan laughs, shaking his head. "Shit, no way! I thought I had it fucking nailed. Wait, let me try again. Bachelor's in Ignoring The Lovely And Handsome Richie?"

"If I were doing a degree in ignoring you, I'd be doing it badly," Stan counters, and Richie nods sagely.

"Good point," he says. "Just proves how great I am, doesn't it?"

"No," says Stan. "Mostly, I just want to punch you."

The desire to punch Richie Tozier in the face, though, manifests in Stan leaning across the space in between them and placing his hands

on Richie's cheeks, grinning in a way that's half-manic and also half *appreciative* of everything that Richie has done (possibly unknowingly, but does it matter?), and kissing him; Stan doesn't know if the taste of chocolate chip is lingering in his mouth, or if it's Richie, or if that's something that's even important anymore as his mind turns itself over and over.

Richie stares at him, wide-eyed, and Stan feels the remark coming like an electrical charge in the atmosphere. "I fucking *knew* I was irresistible." He can't stop himself, either, from laughing, and he shifts closer to Richie, leaning their shoulders together. "So, you know, you think you might come over for lunch break again tomorrow? Since you don't have to study *all* day..."

Stan laughs and shakes his head. "I'll be here again tomorrow, but who said I wasn't going to bring my books?"

Richie makes a face of shock, and because he can't resist it, Stan kisses it, and feels a little more at home.

Author's Note:

Thank you so much for reading and I hope you enjoyed! Please come give me a shout on Tumblr @stanleysdenbrough!